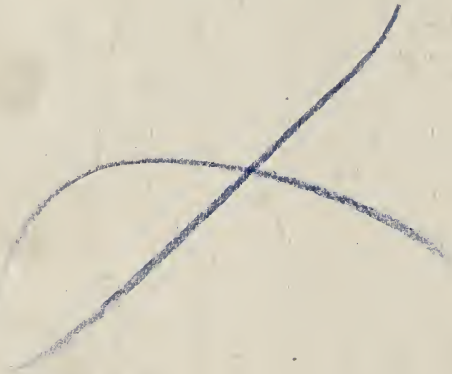
MEMORIAL OF
REV. JOHN S. INSKIP

EDITED BY

REV. E. I. D. PEPPER



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Yours fraternally
J. S. Inskip

MEMORIAL

OF

REV. JOHN S. INSKIP.

EDITED BY

REV. E. I. D. PEPPER.

"Shout unto God with the Voice of triumph."

Psalm 47 : 1.

PHILADELPHIA:

NATIONAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROMOTION OF HOLINESS.

No. 921 ARCH STREET.

IN MEMORY OF REV. J. S. INSKIP.

W. H. CLARK.

A PRINCE of royal blood has gone
His kingdom to inherit;
And brighter scenes of glory dawn,
On his triumphant spirit.

With raptured eye, he now descries
With more than mortal vision,
Those glorious mansions in the skies
And fields beyond Elysian.

Most valiant for the truth he stood,
The truth of God eternal;
And taught the list'ning multitude,
To seek for joys supernal.

The conflict long and sharp is o'er,
His latest foe is vanquished;
He's landed safe upon the shore
For which his spirit languished.

Though fiercely raged the battle strife
Yet ever on his banner,
His motto was eternal life,
His rallying cry "Hosanna."

The Spirit's sword he knew to wield,
The enemy confounding;
But never knew to quit the field,
Till victory was resounding.

Through every conflict, toil and care,
His soul anticipating,
Has gone the glorious crown to wear,
So long for him in waiting.

March 11th, 1884.

In Memoriam.

Rev. JOHN S. INSKIP.

"Truly, a prince and a great man has fallen in Israel!"

OUR Editor-in-Chief, Rev. John S. Inskip, President of the National Camp-meeting Association, has been removed from us at the very climax of his popularity and power. His fame was world-wide, and well-deserved. It was honorable in the highest, purest, best sense of the word. Perhaps no man, all things considered, occupied a more prominent and peculiar position in the Christian world than he—a position accorded him spontaneously, continuously, as a matter-of-course, in the essential fitness of things. He stood in the very fore-front of "The Holy War," a commander-in-chief by acclamation! Genial in spirit; prepossessing in address; affable in manners; winning and childlike in all his ways; as fascinating as he was firm in his friendships; heroic in soul; full of gracious, generous, great-hearted, contagious enthusiasm; devoted to the most sublime idea that can possibly command the thought, and conscience, and heart of humanity; fully conse-

crated to God and His work; preaching, professing, and enjoying entire sanctification of body, soul and spirit; prodigious in labors; abundant in travels; mighty in word and deed; full of Pentecostal power in the pulpit; facile with his pen; careful in the minutest details of secular and religious duty; loyal to the Church of his choice, yet catholic in his views; take him all in all we shall not soon look upon his like again.

Who can ever forget his almost matchless prayers in public worship, around the family altar, in the circle of his chosen companions in labor, amid the most grievous trials, multiplied discouragements and perplexing business details? The sweetness, the pathos, the comprehensiveness, the evident inspiration, the all-conquering faith, the reverent familiarity with God, with which he found access to the throne of grace, still lingers like a fragrant memory. How those never-to-be-forgotten appeals for Divine guidance, succor, and salvation, broadened out into almost apostolic intercessions, into almost seraphic supplications! How they cheered our weary hearts, inspired our sinking hopes, and carried with them the almost prophetic assurance that the things asked for would most surely be granted. And were they not frequently, Divinely, almost miraculously fulfilled in the face of superhuman difficulties, and appalling improbabilities? The place of business became a Bethel, as he besought wisdom from on high. The meetings to transact the temporal affairs of the Association, seemed to turn into a National camp-meeting. As the circle was formed, and hand clasped hand, how under his prayers we came to see eye to eye, heart was melted into unity with heart, and

> "Heaven came down our souls to greet,
> While glory crowned the mercy-seat."

What irresistible exhortations welled up from the abundance of his good heart, sprang spontaneously from his vivid imagination, and fell with thrilling effect from his burning lips anointed with the unction of the Holy One! Were there ever exhortations exactly like his? How his powerful frame would quiver under the fervor of his own fiery soul! Was he not pre-eminently adapted to almost every occasion? Was he not naturally and graciously equal to almost every emergency? Sometimes thundering with awful eloquence; sometimes flashing with the lightnings of the law; sometimes melting all hearts with the dying love of the suffering Son of God; at other times exquisitely touching in his almost womanly tenderness; and still again brimming with his own joyous exuberance! How the proud, the formal, the sober and the sanctimonious would reluctantly, yet surely crumble under those marvellous appeals full of sanctified wit and wisdom, and expand into a contagious good-humor! How the stiff, stately and stubborn would bend, and sway and bow under his extraordinary insight into all phases of human nature, and his equally extraordinary spiritual discernment. His very pleasantry was ready and forceful; yet chastened, sanctified and singularly correspondent to time, place, persons, and circumstances. Rarely or never at a loss; seldom off his guard; full of native dignity; commanding cordial respect; yet cheering the gravest hearts.

Like Alfred Cookman, he bore no titles. He needed none. They would have been misplaced on him. He was commissioned from on High. His name became a household word. We admired him. We loved him. We were glad to be captivated by his personal influence. We esteemed it a high privilege to be associated with him in his peculiar mission. Personally I regard it as a sad yet precious Providence that I have been called into my present position, so that

I might be privileged to pour out a full and loving soul in testimony to the exemplary character and life of one whose friendship and ministry I prized so highly. "I owe unto him mine own self." Coming generations will more fully appreciate his worth and his work. Is any man a prophet in his own country and century? He, being dead, will continue to speak in the ages to come. Having been long and intimately acquainted with him we bear emphatic testimony to his fidelity alike in things little and great; in matters temporal and ecclesiastical. His work was worship; his worship was his happiest, holiest work. He was a natural-born-orator, a magnetic preacher, an orthodox theologian, a scriptural expositor, a safe leader, a good man and minister, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost. Like Timothy, he preached the word; he was instant in season and out of season; he reproved, rebuked, exhorted with all long-suffering and doctrine. While some would not endure his sound doctrine, but after their own lusts heaped to themselves teachers, having itching ears, and turned their ears away from the truth, he nevertheless watched in all things, endured afflictions, did the work of an evangelist, and made full proof of his ministry. A worthy successor was he to Paul the apostle. In many Churches, on many camp-grounds, among many nations, he shunned not to declare the whole counsel of God, but preached Christ as a present, perfect and perpetual Saviour; able to save to the uttermost and evermore.

What effect his decease will have upon the movement, so much in his thought, so dear to his heart, to the promotion of which he devoted all his redeemed energies, and to which he finally fell a martyr, it may be impossible to conjecture. He was almost peerless in his potent sway over large masses of people. He was almost unequaled as a camp-meeting general. His place it will be difficult, if not impossible to fill. He was a rare combination of

commanding qualities. We can only bow in unquestioning submission to the Divine mandate; we can only acquiesce without a murmur or a doubt in the Divine will; we can only cheer ourselves with the thought that while God buries His workmen, He carries on His work. Perhaps Omniscience may call several choice spirits to do the work so satisfactorily accomplished by this one, wonderful, many-sided man.

To those matter-of-fact people who insist that, after all, the best of men are but human, and have their frailties and imperfections we can only say that like other truly great and good men his very weaknesses were among the strongest points in his character, his faults only laid the foundation for firmer friendship, his failures were so graceful that they resolved themselves into substantial victories, and his natural infirmities only displayed more strikingly the gracious transformation effected in him by the cleansing Blood and the inward operations of the Holy Ghost.

He died as he lived—full of holy ecstasy and triumph. Nothing aroused him so quickly, so completely as prayer and praise. Allusions to Christ and His cause, to his own experience, to the manifest and marvellous success of the movement to which he devoted the latter years of his life would stir him with the greatest enthusiasm. His eye would brighten, his hand would wave, and his lips shout and sing his fervent faith and glorious hope. Amid helplessness and suffering, his mind was stayed on God. His sky was ever bright as noon, his soul was unutterably full of glory and of God, and his heart was held continually in perfect peace and inviolable patience. No murmurs, no regrets, no despondency, no misgiving for one moment interrupted his complete triumph in Christ.

What multitudes will rise up to call him blessed, as they greet

him among the spirits of the just made perfect! What a gathering of the Saints, from the East, West, North, South, and from the isles of the Sea, will cluster once more around their Divinely provided and now glorified leader who so constantly called to them to come on to perfection, to follow him as he followed Christ! May God keep us faithful to the cause he so successfully championed for so many sacred, glorious, Heaven-crowned years! "Help, Lord; for the godly man ceaseth!"

And while our hearts are full, our memories are busy, and our thoughts are absorbed with the translation of our beloved Brother Inskip, let us not forget the devoted and widowed heart that hastens to bury its grief in the bosom of Infinite Love. Years of confiding tenderness have bound them almost inseparably together. The very grace of entire sanctification only quickened and intensified their natural esteem and affection for each other. He was an unusually affectionate and exemplary husband and father. With this devoted wife he has been, for many years, closely, lovingly, joyously linked in holy love and holy labor. At home and abroad, in their own land or at the ends of the earth, they were inseparable.

> "Their fears, their hopes, their aims were one,
> Their comforts and their cares."

Down to the very last moment, in the sick chamber, around his bedside, in the still hours of the night, in the awful loneliness that must come to every sufferer in such a Gethsemane, she continued her tireless solicitude, her ceaseless care, her self-forgetful, self-sacrificing toil, her wifely work of watching for the faintest token of his slightest wish.

Perhaps she has thought that she had succeeded in schooling her heart to meet the inevitable. Perhaps she has thought that she was

prepared for so painful a parting. Alas! Who ever is ready for such a bereavement? Like her husband, strong in character, fervent in faith, and joyful through hope, she is bearing up nobly under this sore trial. She has found Christ to be her husband. More than ever she realizes that she is the Bride of the Lamb.

And yet she needs the sympathies, the prayers, and the practical loving-kindness of the Church of God. Let us bear her up in the arms of our faith! Let her feel that kindred souls are throbbing in unison with hers! Let her be assured that the intercessions of the saints mingle with the intercessions of the Son, and with the intercessions of the Spirit, with groanings which cannot be uttered, in her behalf! Let her know that our omnipotent faith accords with hers in claiming all the exceeding great and precious promises, as yea and amen in Christ Jesus, that she may have a lively hope of the inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and fadeless, into which her "precious husband" has entered and which is reserved for her, in partnership with him, throughout a blissful eternity! While we weep with her as she weeps, let us not sorrow as those that have no hope, but let us rejoice together with joy unspeakable and full of glory!

E. I. D. Pepper.

NOTE OF SYMPATHY FOR BROTHER INSKIP.

Dear Sister Inskip:

YOUR telegram was received this morning by the Board of Directors of the National Publishing Association at Philadelphia.

We regretted to hear that Brother Inskip had a restless night; but were glad that the morning came with some relief. I

am requested by the Board, to say: We deeply sympathize with Brother Inskip and yourself, in his and your great affliction; and that we cherish the kindest regards for you both, and do not cease to pray, that if it be the will of our Heavenly Father he may be raised up from the doors of death, and restored to his family and friends. But if otherwise, the recall of his commission to labor longer, as heretofore in the glorious cause of holiness, may be overruled, so that his death may accomplish more than even his useful life could have done.

His cheerful, happy state of mind is a comfort to us all. And we also commend you to the sympathy and support of the blessed Saviour, and rejoice in the grace that enables you to say, the will of the Lord be done. The Lord makes no mistakes. He doeth all things well.

Affectionately yours,

J. E. Searles, *Committee.*

Philadelphia, March 4, 1884.

BROTHER SEARLES' VISIT.

New York, March 8, 1884.

I VISITED brother Inskip in company with brother G. C. Reis at Ocean Grove, and found him in a dying state. When I was announced, he roused up a little, and looked towards me; and his ever-faithful wife said to him, "My dear, brother Searles has come; do you know him? If you know him press his hand" (which I was holding); and then I felt a gentle pressure, and there was a slight movement of the lips. But it was only for a

moment; consciousness reeled and vanished, to return no more in this life. It seemed difficult to realize we were looking upon the leader of the great holiness reformation in the present history of the Church; who so recently appeared so strong and full of almost youthful vigor; whose constitution and make-up seemed to defy the effects, either of toil or increasing years. He was indeed "immortal until his work was done." He often said to the writer, who probably knew his heart and private feelings as fully as any other of his friends: "I want to die in the work." He seemed to feel he should be better prepared to go from the field of ministerial activity to his reward than to go from the retired list of God's workmen. His record is one of incessant activity and glorious success.

The friends of Ocean Grove have manifested the most affectionate and tender interest and care for brother Inskip and his devoted wife in their affliction. The Lord reward them. After singing, "My latest sun is sinking fast," etc., we joined in prayer, and felt that heaven was bending low and the angels, and especially the presence of Jesus, were there.

We turned away from the dying hero of a thousand glorious victories for Christ, with inexpressible sadness, and yet with a secret joy that we should soon join him, with a host of the brothers of the Association and friends of holiness in the blessed life above, "unmeasured by the flight of years," where all is heaven forever!

At six o'clock in the evening, after returning home, I received a telegram, that all was over, that he had entered into his rest.

Fraternally,

J. E. Searles.

TRIUMPH! TRIUMPH!

Lines written on the last words of Rev. J. S. Inskip.

THE gleaming spires of Beulah land,
I trace with failing sight;
Its heavenly landscape fast appears,
As darkness ends in light.

My ransomed spirit plumed for flight,
The glorious conflict o'er,
Oh Death where is thy victory?
I triumph as I soar.

Sweet sounds from Beulah greet my ear;
I revel in the theme;
Their "Songs of Triumph" I shall join,
To Him who did redeem.

Farewell, dear friends, mourn not my loss,
Salvation still proclaim;
That all the sons of Adam's race
May triumph thro' the Lamb.

CHORUS.

I triumph with a conquering faith,
Since Jesus has crossed o'er,
I triumph in my upward flight;
I'll triumph evermore.

DR. H. L. GILMOUR.

A BRIEF SYNOPSIS OF MY LIFE.

BY REV. J. S. INSKIP.

NOT knowing "what a day may bring forth," and presuming that my friends who may survive me will be gratified therewith, I make the following synopsis of my life. I was born in Huntingdon, England, August 10th, 1816. I came to this country in the year 1820, and remained with my parents in Wilmington, Del., until 1832, when we removed to Chester county, Pa. I was converted to God under the ministry of Rev. Levi Scott (afterwards Bishop), at Marshallton, Pa., April 10, 1832. I soon after this, removed to another part of the county of Chester called Goshen. I united with the Grove M. E. Church by letter. I was licensed as a local preacher May 23, 1835, and travelled that year under the Presiding Elder with Brothers Wm. Torbert and Allen John as colleagues, on the Springfield Circuit, Philadelphia Conference. This circuit then included the city of Reading, Pa. In the spring of 1836 I was admitted on trial in the Philadelphia Conference, and was appointed to the Cecil Circuit with Edward Kennard as senior preacher. In November of this year I married my wife, Miss Martha J. Foster, to whom, under God, more than to any one else, I owe my ministerial success, as well as my domestic bliss. In 1837 I was appointed to Nottingham Circuit, Samuel Grace being preacher in charge. We had a great season of success. In 1838 I was ordained deacon in Wilmington, Del., by Bishop Waugh, and returned to Nottingham with Brother Grace. We were favored with very large accessions to the Church. Brother Grace was a most excellent and amiable brother, and, although

much my senior, he was unusually familiar and pleasant in his bearing toward me on all occasions. We had remarkable prosperity. During our two years on Nottingham Circuit over five hundred found the Lord. In 1839 I was appointed to Easton, Pa. Being my first experience as preacher in charge, I felt some embarrassment, but the Lord helped me, and the brethren were very kind. In 1840 I was ordained Elder at Philadelphia by Bishop Waugh, and returned to Easton. I had considerable success in Easton. Over one hundred were saved. In 1841 I was appointed to Western Church, Philadelphia, labored hard and had some success. In 1842 I was appointed to Kensington, and remained during 1843. I had extraordinary prosperity during my labors there; full three hundred were converted. In 1844 I was appointed to Salem, in the western part of Philadelphia, and was favored with some success. In 1845 I was stationed at Germantown. We had much prosperity there; about one hundred were brought in. During the year I was transferred to the Ohio Conference, and stationed at Ninth Street, Cincinnati, by special request of the Society. I commenced laboring at Cincinnati January, 1846—attended Ohio Conference in Piqua. September, 1846, I returned to Ninth Street, and had much prosperity, especially in the Sunday-school. In 1847 I was appointed to Dayton, and was returned during 1848. We had glorious triumphs; over two hundred and fifty were converted. A new Church was built and the Society greatly strengthened. In 1849 I was appointed to Urbana. Had a wonderful revival; about two hundred and fifty converted. In 1850 I was appointed to Springfield, finished the new Church and added largely to its numerical strength; one hundred were converted. In 1851 I was appointed to Troy. Here we were favored with extraordinary success; full two hundred were converted. In 1852 I was transferred

to New York East Conference, and appointed by earnest request of the people to Madison Street, New York. In 1853 I returned to Madison Street; nearly four hundred were converted. In 1854 I was stationed at Fleet Street. Here, too, had some fruit; about forty were converted. In 1855, by request of the people, I was stationed at Centenary, Brooklyn. In 1856 I returned. We had much of God's blessing; about three hundred were converted. In 1857 I was appointed by earnest request of the people to De Kalb Avenue, Brooklyn; had over one hundred and fifty conversions. In 1858 I went to Cherry Street, New York, at the invitation of the Church, and returned to the same Church during 1859. I was much comforted in my labor there; full two hundred and fifty were brought to Christ. In 1860 I was appointed at the request of the people to Ninth Street. In 1861 I returned to Ninth Street; over one hundred converts. In May of this year I went out as Chaplain. At the Conference of 1862 I was announced as Chaplain. During the year my health failed, and, upon my resignation, I was "honorably discharged" from the service. In 1863, by special request, I was appointed to Birmingham, Conn., and had a pleasant year. In 1864, by special request, I was appointed to South Third Street, Brooklyn. Great revival; nearly *four hundred* converted. Mrs. Inskip and I both attained (no, we received) the blessing of entire sanctification. A wonderful and glorious year! It will never be forgotten by many. I shall remember it as long as I live. In 1865 I returned to South Third Street. God grant it may be a great year. My whole soul is in the work. Oh, how I love the work! It is pleasant to labor for the Master. "His commandments are not grievous." If my life were to be repeated, I would choose to be an Itinerant Methodist Preacher. I am more than "satisfied with my lot." Praise the Lord! "I am, O Lord, wholly and forever thine."

South Third Street M. E. Church, 1865.

[What follows seems to have been written subsequently. EDITOR.]

In 1866 I was transferred to New York Conference; appointed to Greene Street Church by special request of the people; returned in 1867 and 1868. God gave us great success; over 300 were converted. In 1869 I was transferred to Baltimore Conference, and stationed at Eutaw Street Church by application of the people. In two years over 500 were converted. These were two years of great triumph. I think I never had as great success. In 1871 I took a supernumerary relation, without appointment; visited California and commenced my evangelistic work. In 1872 I became effective, and was transferred from the Baltimore to the New York East Conference. I received a nominal appointment at Seventh Street Church, New York, and pursued my evangelistic work. In 1873 I took a supernumerary relation, without appointment, and continued the evangelistic work.

REV. JOHN S. INSKIP IN THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

BY REV. JOHN THOMPSON.

TO know men we should see them from different standpoints, and under the various situations and circumstances through which they pass in their pilgrimage through this world. To know ministers of the Gospel, it is not enough that we see and hear them in the pulpit. We need to know what they are in their business transactions and what they are in the family circle. Thousands have known Bro. Inskip to the joy of their hearts in the pulpit and the prayer service. Very many have known him

well and favorably in business life, for be it known that he had a good business record. But comparatively few have known him for any length of time in the home circle. It has been said that the best way to know people is to live with them, and some, in their extravagance, have gone so far as to teach that it is impossible to know people unless we do live with them. For many years my house has been the home of Brother and Sister Inskip, in their visits to Philadelphia, at such times as when they had no home of their own here. Bro. Inskip, *under the influence of mighty baptisms of the Holy Ghost*, made himself felt and known in the pulpit, and I am glad to say that his home life was no contradiction of the impressions made by these volcanic camp-meeting utterances. His habit of life in the family was of a joyous sort; the children were glad to hear of his coming; so much so, that they would gladly hasten through their school lessons, that they might have time to enjoy his evening interesting and instructive family chats, and everybody about the house expected a hallelujah sort of a time, when Brother and Sister Inskip came. And to add to the interest of these evening entertainments, we shall never forget the experience of happy hours, as Brother and Sister Inskip united in singing for us the songs of Zion. From the old "Sweet Singer of Israel," to the newest pieces in the "Songs of Triumph," they seemed ready and willing to sing anything that was called for. It is a good thing to have a great deal of music in the family circle. Bro. Inskip was nowhere more at home than at the family altar. He had a rare faculty of remembering in his prayers, parents and children, strangers and household help, in such an easy, familiar way, as to make all feel that they had a place in his heart. Unless wearied and fatigued with over-work, Bro. Inskip was an early riser. He was frequently at the table at four or five o'clock in the morning, writing for the STANDARD, on some subject that had

come to his mind during a wakeful hour in the night, or he was up early, to answer letters from friends, with whom he would have no time for correspondence during the day. Bro. Inskip enjoyed his meals as well as most people, but in this matter he was not hard to entertain. He seemed best pleased when but little trouble or expense was endured to make him comfortable. More than once I have been with him at camp meeting when there seemed, not without cause, to be a general complaint about the provisions, but his custom was to say but little, and make the best of things, and I have heard him express earnest dissatisfaction with those who seemed hard to please with their meals.

His last night with us was on his way to his last Sunday's appointment, at Waynesburg, Pa. He seemed unusually well, and in jubilant spirits. The most prominent matter on his mind, that night, on which he wished to converse with me, was in reference to writing his autobiography, and after a full exchange of thought on this subject, he determined to commence this work, in good earnest, at an early date. He left us on Saturday morning, for Waynesburg, apparently in the vigor of his best days. No one of us even thought of the probability that this might be his last visit. I trust that he realizes, in his heavenly home, that his visits to our family were benedictions to us all. We will continue to remember the happy hours thus spent together, and when we meet beyond the river, hope to renew our converse, and together "be forever with the Lord."

REV. J. S. INSKIP'S LAST SABBATH'S WORK.

BY REV. J. S. LAME.

THE Apostle John plaintively said, "Little children, it is the last time." A melancholy interest attaches to the last things—an interest that almost sanctifies—makes them sacred to memory. The patriarchs, venerable with age, and laden with good works, seemed gifted with inspiration and prophecy; and glorified their last hours with a splendor that burst from the world of light into which they were fast entering. How tenderly touching the final interview of Jacob with his sons. And David's farewell charge to Solomon, "And thou, Solomon, my son; know thou the God of thy father, and serve Him with a perfect heart." And Paul's valedictory. How we love to linger on the last words of Wesley, and "I am sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb," by the glorified Cookman.

By a remarkable providence, Rev. J. S. Inskip commenced and concluded his life's labors in Chester County, Pennsylvania. Converted at Marshallton, Chester County, in 1832. In 1835 he was sent by the presiding elder to Waynesburg Circuit; many appointments radiating from Waynesburg, forming the circuit. By many of the more aged members he is remembered as rather a small youth, of dauntless courage, indomitable will, glowing ardor, and vehement voice.

Near Morgantown in Berks County, a landlord offered his house for public worship, and the offer was accepted by Mr. Inskip. Preaching began, and a revival followed. While a number were

at the rude mourners' bench seeking religion, a mother, enraged by being informed that her daughter was kneeling as a seeker, rushed into the house, and, forcing her way to the front, was about to drag her daughter from the room, when the young commander shouted, "Shut the door! Every man to his knees," and so tremendous was the power that came upon the mother, that she not only relinquished her grasp upon her daughter, but called aloud for mercy. Interesting were the incidents related by those early co-laborers of our ascended brother.

Waynesburg in Chester County, Pennsylvania, is a village nicely built, well laid out, with broad and elegantly shaded streets, having a highly intelligent population. The First M. E. church was built in 1816. The Second, a large and commodious building, was erected in 1840 by Rev. J. B. Ayres. Waynesburg church has enjoyed the pastoral services of Rev. E. I. D. Pepper, the present editor of the CHRISTIAN STANDARD AND HOME JOURNAL.

During the first year of my pastorate at Waynesburg affectionate inquiries were made concerning Bro. Inskip, and a desire expressed to hear him preach. I sought an interview with him, when he promised to come, but failing health prevented the fulfilment of the promise; but renewing my efforts the following year, I gained his promise to spend Sabbath, October 21, 1883, with us. Accompanied by Mr. Joseph C. Davis and wife, my son and daughter, and Mrs. Rev. John Thompson, Mr. Inskip and his devoted wife duly arrived on Saturday evening. We formed a most interesting group as we listened to the pure and sprightly conversation of that devoted man and elect lady. He was as elastic and playful in spirit as a boy. My son, having attained his twenty-first year, received a birth-day present. Bro-

ther Inskip made the presentation speech, a speech flashing with humor and flowing with pathos.

He was always gifted in prayer, but on Saturday night round the family altar, the fire and fervor of the Lord God of Elijah fell upon him. Every one bending about that altar was mentioned with a particularity and tenderness most touching; and when he came to petition for God's benediction on the coming Sabbath, certainly the glory of his coming translation must have mantled him; my soul was melted with the pathos, and my mind almost bewildered with the grandeur of his language and thoughts.

Sabbath, the 21st, all the Presbyterian churches in the city were closed, the pastors attending the Synod. The Honeybrook *Graphic*, published in Waynesburg, contained the following notice: "Rev. John S. Inskip and wife, who recently made an evangelistic tour around the world, will hold an all-day meeting in the M. E. Church of this place on next Sabbath, the 21st inst. Mr. Inskip will preach at 10.30 A. M., and 7 P. M.; Mrs. Inskip will hold a young people's meeting at 3 o'clock."

The morning broke dark and lowering, but no rain fell during the entire day. A consecration meeting at 9 A. M. assisted in preparing the people for the grand results of the day. The church was crowded from gallery to pulpit, altar, aisles, and vestibule. Promptly at 10.30 Mr. Inskip arose and read the 775th hymn, "Awake, Jerusalem, awake." Reading the first Psalm, announcing the 53rd hymn, and taking for his text the fifth verse of the 93rd Psalm, "Holiness becometh thy house, O Lord, forever."

He prefaced his sermon by saying that about forty-eight years ago this was his field of labor. Many a landmark and name were dear to his memory. Since then he had been in almost

every State in the nation; around the globe, and in nearly every country in the world; but he had found no spot so dear to him as Chester County. Holiness, his favorite theme, was the subject of his sermon. He quoted from the Creeds of the Baptist, Presbyterian, Roman Catholic, and Episcopal Churches, and showed that holiness was the common creed of Christendom. This plan of presentation was most happily adapted to his promiscuous audience. As he advanced he discussed the point where the M. E. Church diverged and differed from her sister churches. The M. E. Church has pushed her doctrine into experience. As he swept on in his sermon smiles rippled over the congregation much more frequently, tears filled many eyes, hearty responses attested that the mighty archer was not drawing his bow at a venture. The great preacher was at his best, he held the people in his grasp, and at the close of the sermon not less than a hundred rose as seekers of holiness.

At 2.30 the church was again crowded to its uttermost. Mrs. Inskip took charge, and made a most pointed appeal to the young. It was a memorable service.

At 7 the house was packed. Mr. Inskip, on his throne of power, giving out the 518th hymn. The last hymn that he ever read in the pulpit was the 503rd, the last line being, "And I am white as snow," a life experience crystallized in a single sentence. He announced his last text, Phil. i. 9, "And this I pray that your love may abound yet more and more in knowledge and in all judgment." He preached an hour and a half. It was a Manheim Camp-Meeting in a church. Including his explanations and exhortations he spoke two solid hours. Half way down the church, men and women were kneeling, seeking pardon, or purity, or some special blessing of God. In the glad exultation of the hour,

lifting aloud his strong voice, that appeared entirely unimpaired by the strain put upon him, he exclaimed, "I feel able for twenty years' work yet." At a late hour the vast congregation slowly unpacked and retired to their homes. Notwithstanding his extraordinary labors of the day he was bright and buoyant on his arrival at the parsonage, ate heartily, engaged in sprightly conversation, joined in prayer, retired in good cheer, slept soundly, awoke early, took breakfast before daylight, leaving for Philadelphia in the first train. Had our sainted brother known that he was preaching his last sermon he could not have preached better; it was a worthy peroration to a long and useful life. It was one of the greatest days in the whole history of the Waynesburg Church. The blessed effects remain; other churches participating in the blessing, and acknowledging their obligations.

A keen sensation thrilled our community on hearing of Brother Inskip's sudden attack of illness. A public meeting expressed their high appreciation of his services and profound sympathy. His last Sabbath's work was a great work, a day and a work that produced a profound impression on the community; awakened slumberers, aroused stolidity, thawed the frozen. Convictions, Conversions, and Sanctifications being the order till ten o'clock at night. It was a day that will long live in the memory of our church. A man of full physical development, a born leader, a majestic and impressive preacher, a flame of fire, an eminent and blessed illustration of entire sanctification. May thy mantle fall on many, and thy memory yet more thoroughly arouse a slumbering Church!

LAST DAYS OF REV. JOHN S. INSKIP.

BY REV. A. E. BALLARD.

"A PRINCE and mighty man in our Methodist Israel has fallen." The record of a great and good man's *life* is the illustration of God's meaning in sending him into the world; the record of his closing days, after the deeds which made his life a glory have become impossible, is the illustration of that meaning in taking him out of the world. And the student of the world's religious history will find but little difficulty in connecting both the life and death with a blessing to the world. The record of his life will be written by abler pens and eulogized by nobler speech than belong to the writer, but of his later days when it was his privilege to visit him almost daily, he feels privileged to write, and allow the tenderness to plead for recognition notwithstanding all deficiencies of style. When John S. Inskip and wife returned from their trip around the world, among other ovations in his honor, there was one tendered and accepted at Ocean Grove, N. J. This was held in the house which he had built in that place in the early part of its existence, but which, in the changing circumstances of his life, had passed into the ownership of Sister Thorne, who had long been a personal friend!

During the evening of the reception he said to the friends assembled there, that he found no place for him like Ocean Grove, and he hoped to be permitted to die there and be buried from its sacred precincts. The necessities of his editorship required that he should reside nearer to Philadelphia, and he removed to a farm near Westtown, Pa., where he remained until the stroke came from which he

never completely rallied. As soon as he recovered his conscious intelligence, although deprived of the power of speech he made his wife understand his desire to be moved to Ocean Grove, and as soon as his strength permitted, his wishes received their compliance. Singularly enough, the lady who had become the owner of his property was so circumstanced as to be able to receive his wife and himself. So in the house he had builded and in which he had lived he accomplished the last temporal desire of his life—passing his closing days within its walls, and leaving earth in the very room he had occupied when he dwelt in the house as its owner. After he first came to the Grove there was a manifest improvement. The paralyzed organs of speech did not regain their power but all the other bodily faculties did, and his mind, while not what it had been before, yet was clearly and consciously intelligent. With a little boy—little Lawrence—an adopted child of Mrs. Thorne, he walked over the ground with apparently the same hale, fresh vigor as in the days of his olden time. Many of his friends hoped, the writer among them, that he would yet be allowed to lead the hosts of the Lord to battle again, and even physicians began to be sanguine that the exceptional strength of an iron constitution might overcome the terrible stroke which had befallen him. But these hopes were all fallacious, and relapse after relapse came upon the times of improvement, each one leaving him feebler than before and deepening and intensifying his pain until the end came, and the recovery which could not be accomplished on the earth was completed in putting on his house from Heaven. There was possibly to him a struggle in giving up the use of his voice. To talk of God, of his Lord Christ, of the power of the Spirit to cleanse; to express his experience of the fullness of God, and tell it all publicly and privately to men had been among his supreme delights. Scarcely a heavier cross

could have been laid upon him than the deprivation of speech. The nearest approach to a murmur he ever made was when he said, in his half articulate way, "I wish I could talk and tell you what is in my heart," in reference to his experience of salvation. There were some words he was able to enunciate. He could always say "Amen;" could join in hymns he had known, and sing the words, but while his mind formed ideas without difficulty, when once it attempted to apply them to the vocal organs, these organs refused their office and he was unable to give them their expression; yet, in the subtile telegraphy of love, his wife was able to understand and interpret him to his friends in ways which he accepted as exactly correspondent with his meaning. In all the earlier days of his illness, when the pain was not so severe as it afterward became, he was exercised deeply about being laid aside from the work, to which he had consecrated his life, yet there was no murmuring. There was not exactly submission, for he had passed beyond submission into acquiescence. His wife said to him, "Do you not think, if you had not worked so hard, and spared yourself a little more, that it would have been better and probably you would have lived longer?" The answer was prompt and characteristic. "I am glad I have worked hard all my life." When asked if he was as rapturously happy now as in the day when his soul was filled with God's presence in the activities of a life of conquest? with a countenance which shone from the inward light of God, he repeated over and over "Yes! yes! Happy anywhere with the Spirit of the Lord. God's presence makes my happiness, and I have that all the time." It was always his desire that prayer should be made every time I visited him. Rev. Brothers Beegle and Jaquett frequently visited him also, and met with the same request. But the prayers were peculiar because they seemed of necessity to partake of the triumphant realization of

his soul rather than of the usual sorrow with which they are generally penetrated. His wife almost always sang a hymn with which he was familiar, in which he joined as far as his strength would allow.

Then came a new phase. He had been tried by the Lord in the activities of Christian life to the exhaustion of his splendid physical powers and passed the ordeal well. He had been tried long before in sorrow in the death of his only son; but his soul had not failed to give glory to God in the furnace of his affliction. He had been tried in the forcing of repression in the loss of his voice and leadership, and his glorious soul had risen above them all. In all these ways he had experienced his sanctification. And now, the highest sanctification of all was to be given him—the "sanctification through suffering"—in order that he might be perfect and entire, wanting nothing; and be thoroughly fitted for the other world what he had been here,—"a king and a priest unto God and the Lamb." For the last few weeks of his life, he blended agony and triumph as in the course of a ministry I have never seen them blended. The pains which came upon him were almost beyond endurance. I have seen him lie there, propped by his pillows and supported by the arms of the wife, who never for a day, never for a night, in all the weary months of his illness, quitted his side, his whole frame quivering with anguish, and his voice moaning with the pain that distorted his features, and still insisting that prayer should be made, during which smiles, which seemed reflecting from the glory beyond, would irradiate his face, and the anguish and the pain be all obliterated! I have also seen him in the apparent unconsciousness of stupor when the words of the prayer would touch the name of Jesus, arouse each time and with the same rapture, which had shone upon his countenance when a baptism of power had come upon him in a meeting. I have seen him when his agony had forced the

cold sweat out all over his body, and his soul like those of the martyrs at the stake, lifted itself above the pain and spoke the praises of the Lord, and I have never seen any other soul whose triumphs equaled his in the same class of circumstances. He never troubled himself as to whether he should die or recover; indeed he never troubled himself about anything, but put everything in the hands of God all the time and left it there. Every day almost, himself, his wife, and the writer would put their souls together before the Lord in his behalf, and every time would come the answer of transcendant blessing. Every time she would sing, the song would be made the medium of the power of God unto a salvation then and there to him, and every time we would leave with the feeling that the blessing which had descended upon him, had also fallen upon us. In the early morning of the day before his decease the most wonderful spiritual baptism of his life came upon him. Just after or in connection with one of his paroxysms there had been exercises in which he had joined fervently. Then there was singing of a favorite hymn—"O there is glory, glory in my soul. For I touch the hem of His garment and His blood doth make me whole"—and the glory in his soul DID touch the hem of His garment till the virtue came out of Him again and touched him with the glory of the first resurrection before he had passed the domain of the grave and transfigured him before the eyes of those who loved him. All souls were awed with delight when they witnessed and felt the weight of the glory which descended upon him—Then they sang "Is not this the Land of Beulah?" in which he also joined, interjecting "yes! yes!" as the words flowed along. Afterward amidst expressions of rapture they sang "Palms of victory," and the way-worn traveller waved the palm in his hands here as he sang of the band of angels which came from the throne of God. Then in the

intensification of the rapture, his wife sang, "The sweet bye and bye," and while the notes were floating upwards toward the heavens, like his Master, who in the extremity of His agony could not forget the woman dearest to him, he put his arms around the woman, who for forty-eight years had been the wife of his bosom and the beloved of his soul, drew her down to his breast, and held her there with a pressure which seemed to say, "I could not have done without you on the earth. I do not know how even to leave for heaven without you." The writer did not come in the room till a little afterward, but the shining of the glory was so radiant still, that there was no difficulty in fully understanding it all, especially as he had witnessed it in detached forms over and over during his illness. After this he lay mostly in stupor, but occasionally gave a hand pressure to Brother Osborn, whom he loved scarcely second to any man on earth, and who had devoted himself in all forms of helping, wherever the possibilities allowed, from the beginning of his illness. On Friday three hours before he passed away, lying apparently unconscious of everything, I offered the last prayer in his presence, not fully believing it was heard by him, until I asked him, if he understood, to press my hand, when the pressure came, and then at three hours later in the presence of the hearts who so loved and clung to him, and who would have kept him with them if they could, as peacefully and smilingly as an infant in its slumber; so quietly, that those who held him by the hand did not know when he departed,—the warrior chieftain—the tender husband—the loving father—the true friend—the intelligent teacher—the spiritual Christian—the powerful preacher—the convincing writer—the man of God thoroughly furnished for every good word and work exchanged the kingdom and the priesthood which God gave him on the earth, for the kingdom and priesthood for which training and suffering had fitted him in the Heavens.

HIS LAST WORDS.

ON the morning of Thursday, March 6th, between four and five o'clock, he had a wonderful season of rejoicing and victory. His last words were "triumph! triumph!" He expired about four o'clock on Friday afternoon, March 7th.

It was a weary alternation, like the rising and ebbing tides of the great restless ocean, near which the strong man lay down, as he waited for the opening of the everlasting gates. He complained not of weariness or delay. He cheered the closing of a grand life with songs of joy, and when, according to the will of God, his release came, it was "Let me go, for the day breaketh."

To us—to untold thousands in crowded towns, and busy cities, and wherever the tongue of the telegraph, or the newspapers reached last Saturday morning, there seemed a pause in the pulsations of life as one said to another,

"BROTHER INSKIP IS DEAD!"

And did this "end all?" Far from it! He never was more alive, more potent in sacred influence, eloquence and power, than that day, lying here with palsied hands folded, and heart still, but remembered so vividly by the multitudes his earnest labors had won to Christ and a holy life. In the affections intensified by his five months of illness, his name embalmed shall be precious.

FUNERAL SERVICES AT OCEAN GROVE.

It was here by the sounding sea, Brother Inskip delighted most to live, and it was here, as we learn, he preferred to close his labors and his life. God gave him the desire of his heart.

Thorne Cottage, formerly his own loved home, was densely crowded on Monday evening, March 10th. Rev. J. Bradds, of the Baltimore Conference, opened the impressive services with prayer, Rev. W. H. Meeker, of Troy Conference, read Scripture lessons, and Rev. Brother Pepper of the STANDARD, Philadelphia, announced one of the favorite hymns, which cheered Brother Inskip's dying hours, which was tenderly sung, Mr. Dey and the St. Paul's choir leading.

ADDRESS BY THE REV. WM. B. OSBORN.

To the loving tribute paid by Brother Osborn, who shared so long the confidence and affection of the departed standard bearer, we cannot do full justice here. His reminiscences were pathetic—thrilling. The two men were early bound together by indissoluble ties. Side by side they labored at great camp-meetings in this country. They met in India, evangelized in Australia, and loved as David and Jonathan. It was his sad office, and yet a privilege to be much with his friend during his illness, and down to the last moment of life. He held his hand while dying, and repeated Wesley's words as the spirit took its flight:

"Servant of God, well done!
Thy glorious warfare's past,
The battle's fought, the victory's won,
And thou art crowned at last."

He has met his old associates, Wells, Coleman, Lawrence and Cookman, and an unnumbered multitude who preceded him to the world of light.

Rev. S. Jaquett, who, with Brothers Ballard, Beegle and others, had been almost daily in attendance at the dying bed, referred to these visits as a high privilege. It seemed so near heaven, to be in the room, where, although faint and weary, Brother Inskip was

always on the mountain top of ecstatic vision. He always roused up during prayer, joined fervently in the song, and with great emphasis could say "Amen!" It was quite near the Jordan, when they last joined in the old hymn:

"Amen, amen, my soul replies,
I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
And claim my mansion there."

"When I called on Friday," continued Father Jaquett, "I found him going down into the valley. He could only recognize a friend by touch of the hand. While seated there, this thought pressed heavily on my mind—dying; what a tremendous process it is to go through. There was so much vitality in his make-up, it seemed nature contended every inch of the ground, and would not yield until disease had invaded all the avenues of life, and then he calmly and peacefully passed away. For him to live was Christ, and to die was gain."

"O may we triumph so
When all our warfare's past,
And dying find our latest foe
Under our feet at last."

WONDERFUL WAYS OF PROVIDENCE.

Rev. H. B. Beegle referred to the circles in which divine providence moves, and orders our lives. Bro. Inskip, he said, was one of the originators of Ocean Grove, and one of the first members of the Association. When the enterprise was first broached to him by Bro Osborn, his heart took a strong hold of the enterprise, and has always felt a deep interest in its welfare. He came here to make it his home; but circumstances called him elsewhere, and yet from this very spot he started on his evangelistic tour around the globe, and to this place he returned covered with the trophies he had won

for Christ in that career of triumph. When recently he felt his strength failing, he longed to reach this home by the sea, and here he finished his course. Doctor Palmer only recently went up from an adjacent cottage, and now these holy men have met hard by the throne. Bro. Beegle, in conclusion, touchingly alluded to his last interviews with family and friends and considered it in accordance with God's harmonious plan that the last words to go sounding on through the churches should in his case be, "triumph! triumph! !"

VICE PRESIDENT BALLARD,

who in the stead of Dr. Stokes and Secretary Evans, both absent, had all along felt it to be his province to pay the utmost attention to our illustrious friend and associate, visiting him daily, here offered prayer, and Bro. Osborn remarked, "On that morning of triumph, referred to by the brethren, he drew his wife down close to him, took her hands in his, assured her of his love, then taking her right hand and lifting it up, he said, 'victory, triumph,' and we joined in singing one of his favorite hymns, the 'Sweet bye and bye.' The hymn was then sung by Prof. Dey and choir all joining in the beautiful strains,

"There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar:
For our Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling place there.

In the sweet bye and bye,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore."

The services closed with the benediction by Rev. F. M. Collins, of the Philadelphia Conference, and after a farewell look at the remains, the beautiful casket was closed to be conveyed next morning to the place of burial.

A CONSECRATION SCENE.

The service of the evening previous at the house where Bro. Inskip died, in the presence of many of his old friends of Ocean Grove, touched with their holy sweetness all the saddened hearts whose relationships to him were now broken. In the morning which followed, and on which all that was mortal of him, were to be taken away, Bro. Ballard who had spoken to God almost daily with him since his last attack, conducted the family worship with his widow and grandson, together with Mrs. and Miss Thorne, whose gentle ministrations of kindliness had done so much toward lightening his sufferings, nor forgetting little Lawrence who had so often been the companion of Bro. Inskip in his walks around the Grove.

This worship was held at the request of Sister Inskip around the coffin of her husband, and concluded by a consecrating prayer made by herself, in which, in the presence of her dead, she dedicated again in its loneliness the life she had so often dedicated in companionship with him to the work of Jesus, saying in her own inimitable way, "I know it will please him better for me to pass the rest of my life in this way than to sit with folded hands weeping over his memory." It was the sensible thought of this devoted sister that the nervous reaction from her incessant watching and nursing night and day for the last five months, would be better relieved by the alterative of labor, than by the repose of inactivity.

The mournful cortege under the direction of Mr. Sexton, as undertaker, who had charge of all the funeral services, left the Grove in the 9 o'clock train for New York, thus closing an often expressed wish of Bro. Inskip's that he might be permitted to die at Ocean Grove and be buried from its sacred precincts, in a manner which human foresight could not have anticipated, and yet which was unmistakably the working of the Lord's providence.—*Ocean Grove Record.*

MEMORIAL SERVICE IN NEW YORK.

The funeral cortege from Ocean Grove on arriving at New York, was met by friends with carriages, and proceeded to the Asbury M. E. Church, East Washington Square, formerly Green street, of which Bro. Inskip had once been pastor, and the members of which, now desired the honor of having the last public services conducted in presence of his remains. The gathering was such as befitted a distinguished public character—one whose life had been spent in endeavors to benefit in higher forms, his fellow men. It was an impressive sight, as the funeral procession moved slowly up the aisle, to see so many of Bro. Inskip's brethren in the ministry, acting as "pall-bearers," led by Dr. H. H. Ferris, pastor of Asbury Church, who read the burial service as they approached the altar, where the casket was placed, and upon which lay a most appropriate emblem—a bundle of sheaves—besides other floral designs.

Many ministers were present from a distance as well as those in the vicinity of New York. Among those we recognized were Revs. McDonald, Wood, Searles, Lowry, McLean, Hughes, Boole, Parker, Osborn, Pepper, Short, Simmons, Ballard, Gorham, Daniels, Thomas, Currey, Buckley, McGreggor, Reis, Johns, Cookman, Haviland, and Hon. J. Sleeper of Boston; also many others that time and space will not permit to name. In consequence of sickness Rev. W. L. Gray of Philadelphia, and one of the N. C. M. A. was unable to be present.

Dr. Buckley, editor of the *Christian Advocate*, announced the 991st hymn,

"Servant of God, well done."

Prayer was then offered by Rev. J. A. Wood, after which Dr. Lowry read the 23d Psalm, also 2d and 3d verses of 1st Peter, 1st chapter.

Rev. G. Hughes read the 970th hymn,

"Why do we mourn for dying friends?"

and said Bro. Inskip voluntarily sang one verse of this hymn, a short time previous to his death, but could proceed no farther.

Rev. Wm. McDonald, his associate from the beginning of the National Camp-meetings, commenced his remarks by saying he felt his place was rather among the mourners. I have known our departed brother perhaps more intimately than any other man; having traveled over land and sea and fighting with him many religious battles for seventeen years. Few men were loved more ardently than this man; few men had more ardent friends. His death will be mourned all around the world. The question will be asked, Is John S. Inskip dead? Is he? Shall we listen to his voice no more? The echo will say, "No more!" To J. S. Inskip, more than to any other man, is due the widespread influence of the doctrine of Holiness. Not that he was more pious, or more wise than some others, but his persistent, quenchless zeal to push Holiness, inspired all around to work. He slew on the right and on the left in living, and will doubtless in dying. No wonder his last word was "triumph!" He was an enthusiast in the best sense of that word! No matter what truth commanded his attention, it had the whole of him, whether temperance or any other reform—so in Holiness. When his convictions were settled in regard to the work of Holiness, his whole being was given to it. He often reached his conclusions more from emotions than reason. His instincts were right on the line of salvation. No man has lived who was better qualified to lead a forlorn hope to wrest victory from what seemed to be defeat. He was capable of reasoning, yet his best and most striking utterances were spontaneous. His earnestness was often

taken for censoriousness. He once exclaimed, "Glory to God, I am as gay as a lark, free as an eagle and happy as an angel." He is to-day what he declared himself to be then, only more abundantly. He possessed the power, above many, over large assemblies. In five minutes, he could subdue a storm, and make the craft ride on even keel. He believed in being religious and professing it, and in making others religious and declaring it. He was earnest. Some one has said of Bro. Inskip: "If the angel Gabriel would attend a National Camp-meeting, J. S. Inskip would invite him forward for prayers," and J. S. Inskip said "he did not believe the angel would object to come." He was a most enthusiastic Methodist. He was a Methodist from head to foot. He was not a Methodist doubter, but a Methodist believer. He believed in the doctrine of entire sanctification. He enjoyed this in his experience. He remembered the second work God wrought in his heart at South Third St. Church, N. Y. He believed the Methodist Church was raised up to spread Christian Holiness. All around this earth he went as a flaming herald proclaiming there was an uttermost salvation. He did not believe machinery saved souls, but religion was what the Church needed, and not more wheels to drive the machinery. He might have lived longer had he been more economical of his strength, but not accomplished more.

"Men live in deeds, not years,
In thoughts, not breaths,
In feelings, not in figures on a dial;
We should count time by heart throbs.
He most lives, who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

If life is to be counted by heart throbs, then J. S. Inskip has lived long; longer than most of us, if we live forty years to come. This man has come down from his highest honors at mid-day.

Some one has said, "If the sun were to go out to be seen no more, it would be grander to drop from the heavens at mid-day, than to sink, however gracefully, to its setting in the west." He is one that will never die. He has met Cookman, Wells, Coleman, and others who passed on before. Think you that J. S Inskip, as he stands on the celestial shore, and who was so enthusiastic for Holiness, regrets it now? If he had the privilege of coming back I think he would thunder more than ever. All we can say to the weeping ones is, "Look up!" This dear sister who walked side by side for so many years—no hearts more united. Dear Sister Inskip, look up! look up! All Heaven looks down to-day. His old comrades are here—the battle is over with him—he has fought his last battle. Farewell, great warrior, with whom I have fought over a thousand battles. Farewell, my more than brother, though your life was somewhat stormy, your end was as calm as a summer evening.

"Oh, may I triumph so,
When all my warfare's past,
And dying find my latest foe
Under my feet at last."

At the conclusion of Bro. McDonald's address, a telegram was read from Bishop Simpson, extending deepest sympathy, and regretting he was unable to go out of the house. Rev. E. I. D. Pepper, the present editor of the CHRISTIAN STANDARD, then paid his beautiful tribute to the memory of dear Bro. Inskip, which you will find complete on page 3 of this volume.

Dr. Curry next arose, and said owing to the shortness of time, he would reserve his speech for the Conference, but continued by saying J. S. Inskip was a many-sided man—he has some other sides equally worthy of being noticed as those presented here to-day. I

have known him over thirty years. We were certainly unlike, and yet loved each other fondly. I have never seen the equal of his experience, which to me was the most rational, as he related it in South Third Street Church. His brethren in the ministry were better off from being associated with him, and he was better off from being associated with them.

Rev. A. E. Ballard, of the New Jersey Conference, remarked: When he was in charge at Vineland National Camp-Meeting, he received a despatch saying he must go home, as his daughter was dying. Bro. Inskip said, "Not yet, not yet;" and immediately led the congregation in prayer for the daughter's restoration. At 4 P. M. his family sat waiting for her death, and could not account for the sudden favorable change. On Bro. Inskip's return from the trip around the world he said he should spend his last days there, meaning Ocean Grove. Heaven lit the outward form of J. S. Inskip amid the greatest suffering. His wife once said, "Papa, if you had not labored so hard you might have lived longer." He replied: "I am so glad I worked as I did." Last Thursday there came such a transfiguration—wondrous glory—visible to the rest. He would join in singing,

"Oh, 'tis glory in my soul,
"Is not this the land of Beulah?"
"Then palms of victory."

He pressed his wife to his bosom as if he did not know how to go to heaven without her. I never saw one so glorify God in death and have such manifested glory as J. S. Inskip. His last word was "triumph."

Rev. S. W. Thomas then read resolutions from the Preachers' Meeting of Philadelphia. Prayer was then offered by Rev. J. E. Searles, at the conclusion of which the congregation united with the

choir in singing "The Sweet By-and-By." As the last verse was sung we could distinguish the clear voice of Sister Inskip, which seemed as if an angel had suddenly joined in the chorus, and thrilled every heart.

While gazing on his precious, lifeless casket, for we felt the jewel was blazing before the throne, our tears flowed freely, mingling in deepest sympathy with his beloved wife. We felt not only has the great warrior fallen, or that the Church and the world have sustained a loss, but that we were again bereaved of a father. Like the disciples of Jesus, a number "desired to see the place where he lay," consequently followed the remains of our beloved brother to his last resting place, Greenwood Cemetery. After the concluding burial services by Rev. I. Simmons, Rev. Wm. Osborn said, at the beginning of every National Camp-Meeting it was Bro. Inskip's custom to sing the good old battle hymn, "There is a Fountain filled with Blood," and it was Sister Inskip's request we sing three verses, in which, amid streaming tears, she joined, and sang as if by her husband's side at a camp-meeting. After singing three verses, Sister Inskip said, "I think we had better sing a fourth," and looking down into the grave and then up towards heaven, as though talking to her sainted husband, in notes so clear and beautiful sang:

"And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What heights of rapture shall we know,
When round His throne we meet?"

During all these solemn services our hearts cried unto God that a double portion of His Spirit might rest upon the remaining brethren of "The National Camp-Meeting Association for the Promotion of Holiness," and all the ministers as well as ourselves, that we might lovingly, fearlessly, courageously and successfully follow the earnest

exhortations of our deceased leader, in lifting the banner of Holiness and winning thousands of trophies to lay at the feet of Jesus while we crown Him Lord of all.

Mrs. Lidie H. Kenney.

ACTION OF THE PHILADELPHIA CONFERENCE.

This Conference esteems it a pleasure to bear testimony to the hallowed zeal, the entire devotion to Christ, and the great usefulness in the Church, of our Brother John S. Inskip, who, as editor of the Christian Standard, resided for so many years among us.

We find solace in his decease, only in a trustful acquiescence in the Divine Will.

We hereby extend to Sister Inskip in her bereavement our heartfelt sympathies and prayers.

E. I. D. Pepper.
Andrew Longacre.
M. D. Kurtz.
Samuel Pancoast.

ACTION OF THE PHILADELPHIA PREACHERS' MEETING.

Rev. J. S. Inskip, a member of the New York East Conference, late editor of the Christian Standard, and, until recently, for several years a resident of Philadelphia, died at Ocean Grove, Friday, March 7, 1884. His ability as a preacher, decided views on great moral questions in Church and State, courage and boldness in the advocacy of his convictions, power and skill in the organization of large masses of people for direct spiritual results, zeal in the promulgation of the doctrine of holiness, in these and other lands, these and other striking features of his character and life have made him for many years a great spiritual and Church force wherever he has lived and labored. We lament his death as one of the leaders of

God's people, but acknowledge with gratitude to God the many years he has been spared to the Church, and also our esteem for his Christian and ministerial character and work.

He illustrated in his Christian experience the power of God's grace to control and lead in a heavenly direction a man of strong nature and pronounced individuality, and the sufficiency of the grace to keep him in peace and joy when prostrated by disease and in the presence of death. We tender our condolence to the wife and family of our deceased brother, and beseech for them the special mercy and favor of God in this trial.

A. Atwood.
I. R. Merrill.
S. W. Thomas.
E. I. D. Pepper.
W. L. Gray.
W. Swindells.

TRIBUTE OF AFFECTION.

BY REV. E. M. LEVY, D. D.

THE readers of the Christian Standard, and thousands of others in this and in foreign lands, have heard with the deepest grief the death of this great and holy man of God. A man so distinguished, so freighted with personal and spiritual endowments, and so linked with the cause of holiness, could not pass away without the meed of tears. The same blow which made the fond wife a widow, has dissolved many other ties, has made vacant the highest place of influence in the Association with which he had been so long identified, and has opened fountains of sorrow in the hearts of his friends in every State, and

in every city, village and hamlet, throughout our country, as well as throughout the world. For in what part of the globe was he not known and loved? Where shall we find a spot on which Christianity has planted her standard, where his heroic defense of "pure and undefiled religion" has not been an inspiration?

I can hardly trust myself to write a single line concerning an event which has touched me so keenly. Few there are that have lost so much in a single friend; and yet I bless God that I had such a friend to lose. As Beza said of Calvin, and as Mather said of Flavel, "*Since he has died, life will be less sweet, and death less bitter to us.*" I was not permitted to weep at his open tomb, but, at the hour appointed for his interment, although many miles away, I stood there in spirit, and wrapped in my own silent sorrow, I felt that the half of myself were being laid in that grave.

Our departed brother was a man of rare worth. What was said of Richard the Lion-hearted might with truth be said of him: "He was brave, honest, magnanimous. He had fortitude as well as courage, coolness as well as daring, skill as well as valor." At times he was a man of war, going forth to the fray with the fire in his eye, and the thunder of battle on his brow. At other times he was as gentle as a nurse, staunching the wounds, and pouring into them the precious oil of consolation. A scene in my own Church is now in my mind. He had been preaching with wonderful power on his favorite theme. I never knew him to rise to such heights of invective and sarcasm. As a tornado sweeps through a forest, so did he sweep away all opposition. Many held their breath at the crash and the roar of that hour. But soon the storm passed by, his voice was heard, like the soft treble of a bird, singing:—

"My life flows on in endless song;
Above earth's lamentation

I catch the sweet, tho' far off hymn
That hails a new creation;
Through all the tumult and the strife,
I hear the music ringing;
It finds an echo in my soul,
How can I keep from singing?"

The front seats were quickly filled with seekers. I watched this great Field Marshal as he passed from seat to seat, now like a tender mother, comforting and healing those who were sick of self and sin.

In the eyes of strangers, and indeed of all who only heard him casually, his manner had an air almost of unnecessary severity, especially when in the presence of ministers of his own Church who opposed the doctrine so clearly taught in their creed. Those who were acquainted with him, however, soon forgot this; or, rather, it was to them a matter of surprise, that one so cordial, and affectionate, and tender, and truly humble, could be so misunderstood.

Mr. Inskip was much more sensitive to the good opinion of his ministerial brethren than is generally supposed. But he loved truth supremely. He would follow it, lead where it might. It was a great element of strength in his character. He was wisely compliant if occasion required it, on unimportant points. Yet when a matter of principle was at hand, when he was evidently called to take his stand for truth and righteousness, then, whoever and whatever might oppose, he was steadfast and unmovable. There was a guilelessness of nature about him too, that was beautiful. He had nothing to conceal. He was indeed a book, "known and read of all men." Of him it might be well said: "His heart was in his mouth." The utterances of his tongue were the pure, fresh coinage of his mind.

He was a genial fellow-laborer, unselfish, appreciative, considerate, sympathizing. He seemed as much at home in a Baptist pulpit,

or a Friends' meeting, as in a Methodist Church. He had, indeed, his denominational preferences, but he was not slow to detect or commend what was good and beautiful in others. He embraced in his large warm heart, all who love Christ without regard to their creed or name. But especially was he attached to those of every denomination who were engaged with himself in the spread of Scriptural holiness. Among the last acts of his life was an effort to secure and print a work on entire sanctification from the pen of representative men of every denomination.

Mr. Inskip was a great preacher. There are profounder thinkers, men of greater culture and learning, but few excelled him in effective preaching. In some of his camp-meeting discourses, I am sure, there was not only good logic, but a lithe and buoyant play of intellect, an outpouring of heart, a variety and freshness, and often brilliancy and style, seldom equalled. Now a condensed and pithy statement would arrest your attention; now an apt and striking figure; now a fine descriptive touch; now an outburst of most heavenly emotion. In the exposition and enforcement of the doctrine of holiness he was unsurpassed. In the National Camp-meeting Association, he was not only one of its founders, but the chief object of attraction. I would not give undue prominence to the labors of our glorified brother. Could he speak to us from his heights of bliss, he would forbid my doing so. And yet, if you ask for the results of his labors in this department of the holiness movement, I reply, summon up, if you can, the wonderful scenes of Divine power witnessed in the *fifty-four National Camp* Meetings already held, call up to your mind's eye the thousands and tens of thousands that thronged the altars as seekers of pardon or purity. Listen to the cries of convicted sinners, and the groanings of believers for deliverance from the bondage of death. Hear the shouts

of young converts, and the Hallelujahs of the fully saved. Aye, listen to the harpings of many already before the throne of glory, who first sang, "I'm redeemed, I'm washed in the blood of the Lamb," in these great convocations. And with all of them our departed brother's name, influence, sermons, prayers, and sanctified genius, are forever linked.

But we forbear to proceed farther. Space will not permit it. Our heart is full. He has passed within the vail, and we shall see him no more; but his memory is safe everywhere.

"Servant of Christ, well done,
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

Tranquil amidst alarms,
It found him on the field,
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield."

THE REV. JOHN S. INSKIP RESTS.

AFTER severe illness continuing through several months, and giving rise to false reports of his death, the Rev. John S. Inskip quietly breathed his last at the Thorne House, Ocean Grove, on Friday last at four P. M. For so strong a man he died comparatively young. The date of his birth is August 10, 1816, which makes him less than sixty-eight years old. He came to this country at five years of age from England, his native country. According to the best authority within our reach, he was converted in his sixteenth year, under the minis-

try of the late Bishop Scott, and before he was nineteen commenced preaching under the direction of the presiding elder. In 1836 he joined the Philadelphia Conference, and nine years later was transferred to the Cincinnati, where he remained a number of years. On a question at issue between himself and that body he appealed to the General Conference of 1852, which sustained him. He very soon came to the New York Conference; thence was transferred to the Baltimore, and finally to the New York East, of which he remained a member until his death.

Having enjoyed his acquaintance for twenty-six years, and associated with him in Conference for eighteen years, the writer has had opportunity to observe him closely, to note the various changes in his religious experience and views, and to study the peculiarities which rendered him a personality so marked and gave him an influence so stimulating. Our conclusions have not been formed hastily; and we know no reason why they should not be frankly submitted to the Church.

Physically, Brother Inskip was remarkable for great strength, being of medium height, stoutly built, short limbed, having abundant room for the vital organs. His head was large, somewhat unusual in shape, and firmly set upon a short neck. His features were in harmony with such a frame, and, without the light which a heart softened by grace gave to his eye and smile, would have suggested a combative and passionate as well as a most determined disposition. Like the late William Morley Punshon, there was nothing of the spiritual, the poetical, or the gentle in his natural expression as viewed by a stranger. Withal, Brother Inskip was capable of the most intense oratorical excitement. It was that blending of physical, mental, and emotional excitement which, if unchastened by religion or unrestrained by prudence, would have

made him a leader of masses of men intent upon acts of an aggressive character. On the field of battle—if he had been trained to it—this susceptibility would have made him a Sheridan or a Stonewall Jackson. His voice was very peculiar. It was high-pitched, and when he was unstirred it was almost womanish in tone. But if aroused, unlike many with a similar characteristic, it took, not the bass note, but became a loud, clarion tone, which could be heard to the very outskirts of the largest encampment. Its changes in prayer as a wave of emotion rolled over him were startling, and in oratory his great physical strength enabled him to lift a congregation almost bodily, fire it with his own enthusiasm, and cause billow after billow of excitement to sweep over it. In the days of his power, at the Old Red Lion Camp-meeting in Delaware, he could shake the encampment as Samson did the temple of Dagon, though he shook to save, and not to destroy.

Bro. Inskip was naturally a combatant. As an anti-slavery man he said fiery things and shouted with delight amid the awful storm. Like an eagle his impetuous spirit defied restraint, and he spoke and acted as one born for revolution. In those days he was a man of ordinary piety, subject to the infirmities common to men of his temperament, successful in revivals, mighty in preaching special sermons on temperance, valuable as a helper to his brethren in a series of meetings, and, as already intimated, in great demand at camp-meetings. In his intercourse with ministers and Churches he exhibited a strong will, and though tender and yielding when not roused, was firm to obstinacy after he had set himself. The doctrine and the professors of entire sanctification he regarded with indifference, if not suspicion.

We shall leave to those who have been more closely related to him in the work which has made his name and, we may add, his

face and voice known throughout the world, to describe the circumstances which led to a change in his views and to his devoting himself to the promotion of the experience and doctrine referred to above. Our purpose is to note its effect upon him. He rushed with all the enthusiasm of his nature and of a new convert into the work, and did not at first, nor for some years, exhibit in perfection the patience and self-control which are the ripest fruits of the highest attainments of grace. Yet it was obvious that a principle was at work in his soul which was surely producing the most radical transformation. His efforts at self-control; his prompt acknowledgement when he was led to see that he had been extravagant or indiscriminate in his denunciations; his increasing kindness to those who differed with him or whom he supposed to look with disfavor upon his movements, and the prevailing influence of a spirit of gentleness, made it manifest to all that John S. Inskip had met with a great change.

In the Methodist Episcopal Church there are, broadly stated, four classes on the subject of Christian Perfection: (1) Those who are indifferent to it, or hostile; who do not know, or knowing, do not care, what Mr. Wesley's views were. (2) Those who give to those views general consent, but in no way stir themselves nor others about them. (3) Those who believe with Wesley, Fletcher and the early Methodists, preach the doctrine, and claim to enjoy or to be seeking the experience, but do not make a specialty of it, and do not attach much importance to a definite public profession of it, while they do not oppose others who do profess it, and are not in sympathy with meetings *specially* devoted to it. (4) Those who hold that it may be instantaneously experienced by faith, and should be at once by all sincere and enlightened Christians, that special meetings should be held for its promotion, and that its expe-

rience should be definitely professed on all suitable occasions. To the fourth class Brother Inskip allied himself, fully sympathizing with the late Mrs. Phœbe Palmer in her views and methods. Under the conviction that the first and second of the classes above mentioned were in the majority, and that the third erred by defect of zeal and want of positiveness in teaching, he put himself at the head of an organized movement to arouse the Church, and spread the doctrine and promote the experience of Perfect Love. The National Camp-meeting Association was formed, and began to traverse the land. A weekly newspaper was started and a publication house was established. Brother Inskip developed remarkable capacity as a manager and as an editor of the kind of paper which he wished to make—intense, pervaded by his personality, aggressive, stimulating, and strongly defensive of doctrine, persons and methods.

At a certain stage in these movements many good men and wise, not at all hostile to the Methodist doctrine on this subject, doubted "whereunto this would grow." A narrow and bitter spirit of denunciation showed itself in certain sections of the country, and many things were said which, in local societies and in districts and Conferences stirred up evil feeling, and threatened to bring the highest mystery of the Christian experience into contempt. With his paper, his publishing house, his personal influence, the Rev. John S. Inskip had the power to lay bare and waste large tracts in our Zion; to precipitate a secession, to lead out into the wilderness many good men and women, to take out of the body much salt that had not lost its savor, and to leave the Church for ages to antagonize the doctrine to which the evils would be blindly attributed by many. Here was the demand for wisdom and understanding. At that crisis—a condition occurring at no particular time, but indicated by the phrase "stage of affairs"—he stood for the Church and its

institutions; he opposed every thing that savored of fanaticism or destructiveness; he became more guarded than he had ever been, and affirmed that "the Methodist Episcopal Church, just as it is, affords the best field for the promotion of Christian holiness that the world has seen since the Apostolic age." To-day the work in which he was interested goes on within the Church with comparatively little friction, while fanatical excrescences which, in some sections, notably in certain parts of the West, bring it into disrepute, cannot plead him in their support, and are sloughing off from the Church as morbid growths.

Without being construed into endorsing, as matters of judgment, all that he did and said, we record our conviction that to John S. Inskip the Church owes a sincere tribute of respect and affection as a rousing, stimulating force; as the antidote and counterpart of worldliness; as a visible exhibition of faith, indefatigable earnestness, and moral fearlessness; and as a herald calling the attention of thousands to higher privileges than they had ever dreamed of. But especially in behalf of the whole Church do we commend him for the wisdom with which he tempered his zeal to the exigencies of later years.

Somewhere we have read that in a church at Florence there is upon the tomb of a soldier, the following inscription: "Johannes Divultius, who never rested, rests———hush!"

So John S. Inskip rests from great and ceaseless labors, and many good works follow him.—*Dr. Buckley, in New York Christian Advocate.*

TRIUMPH! TRIUMPH!!

REV. A. WALLACE, D. D.

"He shouted loud, Hosanna,
Deliverance has come!"

A CHIEFTAIN panoplied with sacred power,
A leader in the sacramental strife,
Has reached at length the painful parting hour,
And comrades watch the ebbing tide of life.
It seems defeat; the strong is stricken down;
The standard fallen from his palsied hand;
Where now the conqueror's palm, the star-gem'd crown,
The glad acclaim of heaven's pure white-robed band?

As sun-burst in the gloom of winter's sky,
His brow is radiant with unearthly light;
Once more it flashes in his glazing eye,
And scenes seraphic dawn upon his sight.
Then "Triumph! triumph!" is his dying song,
As chariots wait to bear him home to God;
And time receding, shall on earth prolong,
His final victory, through all cleansing blood!

O heart aflame, thy full salvation theme,
Is marching on to compass this lost world;
Thy banner, with the mighty Saviour's name,
Unfolded once, shall *never more be furled!*
Thy tongue, so eloquent for holiness;
Thy pen, so ready in defence of truth,
Shall through succeeding ages rouse and bless,
While memory robes thee in immortal youth!